

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Not under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

SLEIGHS FOR SALE.
New and second-hand home-made sleighs at 25
D. D. Peverly's, Bryant's Pond, Me.

FOR SALE.
A young horse, 1,100 lbs. weight, a free driver, sure, steady worker, sound, kind and safe. Cheap for cash, or would exchange for neat stock.
J. W. Valentine, Bethel, Me.

WANTED.
A good, live correspondent in every town and village in Oxford county. Write us. News Publishing Co., 24 Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.
A few more nice squashes, and a limited quantity of dry hard wood, also a few nice pigs and shoals. Leave your orders early, for they will not last long.
Henry Farwell.

FOR SALE.
500 good sheep for wintering. Also 25 good cows for sale.
H. S. Hastings, Newry, Me.

Bicycles For Sale.
A lady's and a gentleman's bicycle for sale. 95 & 75 models—May be seen at River-side House. Address, Lock Box 34.
21

FOUND.
Found recently on the Gilead road, a feather bag. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. May be seen at the News office.
21

Wanted.
A position to do general housework by an experienced girl. Apply to
Box 2, Upton, Me.

To Let.
House of ten rooms, on Park street, with stable connected.
Ceylon Rowe.

WARNING.
We hereby forbid all persons darning refuse matter of any kind at the mouth of Alder river within the limits of the highway.
H. Farwell, J. C. Hillings, C. E. Barker, Bethel.

FOR SALE.
Any one in need of a sewing machine should examine the New Home which can be seen at the store of E. E. Burnham. This machine is new and can be bought at a bargain.
S. N. BUCK.

DOCTOR OF REFRACTION
in Oxford County, and the only Optician using the Javal Ophthalmometer.
Examination free when glasses are ordered at
6 Pleasant St., South Paris, Me.

WOOL CARDING.
If you have wool to be carded bring or send it to W. K. Hamlin's mill at South Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, agent, Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridgton, Me., railroad station.
I run a team to Norway and Bridgton once each week and will take wool to mill and return it without extra expense for trucking.
Mill closes for the season Dec. 15th.
Wool Rins and Wool Batting for sale.
W. K. HAMLIN, South Waterford, Me.

HOLIDAY GOODS
in great variety at
L. C. Hall's.
Those wishing
DECORATED CHINA
should place their orders at once.

THE 4TH ANNUAL BALL
Under the auspices of the
VOLUNTEER HOSE CO.,
will be held at
ODEON HALL,
BETHEL,
Thanksgiving Night,
NOV. 25TH
The music will be furnished by
STEADY'S ORCHESTRA OF
BERLIN, N. H. 7 PIECES.
There will be a concert before the dance and supper will be served at intermission by the ladies.
Every effort will be made to make this the ball of the season.
See Posters.

THE PLACE TO BUY
Fruit
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Groceries and
Flour,
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AMMUNITION,
—IS AT—
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\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24, 1897.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

The floor had been swept and the furniture dusted, the table, white spread, in the neat dining hall; the cakes on pantry-shelf, pure, snowy, crusted, and pies—custard, pumpkin, mince, apple, and all, with pans full of doughnuts and cookies, were waiting to fill up the table in splendid array. The chickens and turkeys were quietly basking, and all things were ready for Thanksgiving Day. Once again Grandma Snow looked in at the baking. While Grandma looked anxiously out at the door, some tender thoughts in their bosoms awoke. Of life's holy mission so soon to be over. At last all was done. By the fire, brightly burning, they sat, those two loving ones, aged and gray, and talked of the children, now gladly returning. To father and mother, this Thanksgiving Day. "It's time they were coming; why do you know, mother, it seems but a day since the children were here." A bright, noisy group, playing tag with each other. And now they come home to us just once a year. Little Mary will come, our dear, little Mary. Who'd think of our baby as going away. With a stranger? And Tom, from the distant prairie. Ah! well, they'll be with us this Thanksgiving Day. And Dick, from down South, with his fine, pretty lady. I hope she won't scorn us and our humble home. "And Florence," said grandma, "will come with her baby. And Susan, with all the dear children will come. Well, well, they will find us here ready to meet them. We keep the nest warm when our birds are away. And in the dear home of their childhood, they'll greet them. At least once a year on Thanksgiving Day. The years seem so bright, since you brought me here, Peter. Your love made them peaceful and happy and long."

"And Mary," said he, "you are dearer and sweeter than ever you were in the years that are gone. We've come down the hill of life's journey together. Through the sunshine and shade, side by side, all the way; Your lover, who told you his love by the river. Is your true lover still, on this Thanksgiving Day. When our last one left us, dear heart, how we missed her. But now they're all settled in homes of their own. Our life's work is finished," he bent over and kissed her. "In the empty home-nest we are waiting alone." With his arm round her waist, her head on his shoulder. His hands clasping hers in the old loving way. They're roaming once more by the stream where he told her. His love long ago on a Thanksgiving Day. He is telling it over, the sweet, old story. Forgetting the years and the sorrows between; The sunlight creeps in with a halo of glory. Creeps in through the window, unheeded, unseen. There's a rumbling of wheels, and glad, happy voices. Men, women, and children, in festive array. Come up the long walk; how each fond heart rejoices. In this glad reunion on Thanksgiving Day. His hand clasping hers, that aged couple sit close. The room has grown chill, for the fire has gone out. The kitten is playing with grandmother's knitting. They heard not the children who gather about; They heard not, they care not, for over the river. The dusky-winged angel hath borne them away. Hand in hand, side by side, crossed over together. Life crowned with eternity's Thanksgiving Day.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.
The truly gifted and learned man the old man of his gifts and requirements. But he whose natural parts are but feeble, and whose achievements are but slight, is often eaten up with the most inordinate vanity. The sunlight falls upon a cloud, and the cloud drinks it in, is itself warmed by it, but lies as black as ever, and sheds out no light. But the sun touches a diamond and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that had fallen on it. So God holds one man in his hand, and nobody but that one man is a whit the richer. God comes to another sufferer—reverent, unselfish, humble—and the lame leap, and the dumb speak, and the wretched are comforted all around by the radiated comfort of that happy soul.—Phillips Brooks.

Thanksgiving Thoughts.

"Thank you" is the expression of a thankful heart. How often it is said—either as a matter of form or sincerely! True thankfulness, as well as generosity, must be fostered from within or the external manifestation is meaningless. "Thankfulness is more apt to be felt if one can realize a need—not merely a desire after over-indulgence, but a real, genuine need." If children can be brought into contact with those less fortunate than themselves, they will the more readily appreciate their own privileges. It is the sacred duty of parents and teachers to develop in children the appreciation of privileges and thankfulness for the same, otherwise a special day of thanksgiving will have no significance for them. What can be done in the schoolroom to prepare the children for this day? Through everyday occurrences of life, stories and poems, the children may be led to feel a sense of joyful anticipation in this day of grateful recognition of the One Source of all things. The beauty of such an awakening is that each day will grow to be one of habitual thankfulness. Now—at once—is the time to prepare your children for the appreciation of this day of general thanksgiving.

Training Children.

With children, you must mix gentleness with firmness. "A man who is learning to play on a trumpet and a petted child are two very disagreeable companions." If a mother never has headaches through rebuking her little children she shall have plenty of heart-aches when they grow up. At the same time, a mother should not hamper her child with unnecessary, foolish restrictions. It is a great mistake to fancy that your boy is made of glass, and to be always telling him not to do this and not to do that, for fear of his breaking himself. On the principle never to give pain unless it is to prevent a greater pain, you should grant every request which is at all reasonable, and let him see that your denial of a thing is for his good, and not simply to save trouble; but, once having settled a thing, hold to it. Unless a child learns from the first that his mother's yes is yes, and her nay, nay, it will get into the habit of whining and endeavoring to coax her out of her refusal; and her authority will soon be gone. Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child; and, if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing, it is for self-entertainment, with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom, a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults; and beyond this, almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child. "Try so hard to make my children happy!" said a mother, with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts. "Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does." "And how is that?" she asked dolefully. "Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practical, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence, they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bee and the butterfly. There is a something so mean as a lie nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good." In order to thrive, children, require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no flattery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—The Quiver.

A scientist asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. That's all it generally needs to. Diminutive dude—"Why do you make me wait until the last dance?" Young lady—"Oh, to give you time to grow."—Puck.

THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

A Temperance Story.

For nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good, and good works in her husband to promote. —Milton.
I saw hanging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford, county, Maine, a bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing caught my eye, and smiled. "You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there, with its bottom knocked out?" he said. "My wife, perhaps, could tell you the story better than I can; but she is bashful, and I ain't, so I'll tell it." "My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. He lived to a good old age, squandered money, was a careful trader, and a good calculator, and, as men were accounted in his day and generation, he was a temperate man. I was the youngest boy, and when the old man was ready to go—and he knew it—the others agreed that, since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine. And to me it was willed. I had been married then three years."

"Well, father died—mother had gone three years before—and left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it for two thousand dollars. I'd never thought so much of it before; but I thought of it now. I said to Molly—my wife 'Molly,' says I, 'Look here. Here's father had this farm in its first strength of soil, with all its magnificent timber, and his six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men, to help him; and he has worked hard—worked early and late—and yet look at it. A mortgage of two thousand dollars! What can I do?' And I went to that old jug—it had its bottom in then—and took a good stiff drink of old Medford rum from it. "I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it; for I supposed, of course, she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was. Says she, 'I've thought of a way in which I believe we can clear this mortgage off before five years are ended.' "Says I, 'Molly, tell me how you'll do it.' "She thought for a while, and then she said, with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes says she, 'Charles, you must promise me this solemnly and sacredly: Promise me that you will never again bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage at any one time, more spirits of any kind than you can bring in that old jug—the jug that your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he was done with it.' "Well, I knew father used once in a while, especially in haying time, and in the winter time when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled; so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her I would agree to it. 'Now mind,' said she, 'you are never—never—to bring home for a common beverage more spirits than you can bring in that identical jug? And I gave her the promise.' "And before I went to bed, I took the last pull at that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of night-cap Molly looked up and says she, 'Charles have you got a drop left?' There was just about a drop. We'd have to get it filled on the morrow. And then she said, if I had no objection, she would drink that drop with me. I shall never forget how she brought it out—'THAT LAST DROP!' However, I tipped the old jug bottom up and got a great spoonful, and Molly said that was enough. She took the tumbler and poured a few drops of hot water into it, and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking good luck, and says she, 'Here's to the old brown jug!'"

"Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Molly had been drinking more of the rum than was good for her, and it kind of cut me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be, and my legs not quite so steady as good legs should be; but said nothing. I drank the sentiment—'The old brown jug'—and let it go." "Well, I went out after that and did my chores, and then went to bed; and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—this

very room where you now sit—was 'Well have the old brown jug filled to-morrow.' And then I went off to bed. And I remember ever since, that I went to bed that night, as I had done hundreds of times before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have. I didn't think of it then, nor had I ever thought of it before; but I've thought of it a good many times since, and have thought of it with wonder and awe." "Well, I got up the next morning and did up my work at the barn, then came in and ate my breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could not think even to fall me. However I ate my breakfast and then went out and hitched up the old mare; for, to tell the plain truth, I was feeling the need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house. I was in a hurry to get to the village. I got hitched up and came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard and took it out, and— "Did you ever break through the thin ice, on a nipping cold day, and find yourself in an instant over your head in freezing water? Because that was the way I felt at that moment. That jug was there, but the bottom was gone. Molly had been and taken a sharp chisel and a hammer, and with a skill that might have done credit to a master-workman, she had clipped the bottom clean out of the jug, without even cracking the edges or sides! I looked at the jug and then at Molly. And then she burst out. She spoke—Oh I never heard anything like it! no, nor have I ever heard anything like it since, said she: "Charles, there's where the mortgage on this farm came from! It was brought home in that jug—two quarts at a time! And there's where your white, clear skin, and your clear, pretty eyes are going, and in that jug, my husband, your appetite is going also! O, let the bottom stay out forever! Let it be as it is, dear heart! And remember your promise to me!" "And then she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. She couldn't speak more." "And there was no need. My eyes were opened as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages on all the farms in our neighborhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made had been to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled his jug for years! Yes, I saw it as it passed before me—a fitting picture of rum!—rum!—rum!—debit!—debit!—debit! And I returned my Molly's kiss, and said I, 'Molly, my own!—I'll keep the promise, I will, so help me Heaven!'" "And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Molly had said, the mortgage was cleared off; my appetite came back to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars out at interest. There hangs the old jug—just as we hung it on that day; and from that time there hasn't been a drop of spirits brought into the house for a beverage, which that bottomless jug wouldn't have held.

"Dear old jug!—We mean to keep it; and to hand it down to our children, for the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and blessed." "And as he ceased speaking, his wife, with an arm drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent—Amen. —National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

Martha's Vineyard.
Since writing the letter in which I spoke of the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin as having been residents of Martha's Vineyard, I have been shown an old wood-carving of Franklin. It was found by the present owner fifty years ago in the dust and rubbish of an old attic, so there is no means of knowing how old it is. At a distance it has the appearance of stucco work but a closer examination shows that it is solid wood.

In an old book I find the following record: "John Folger came from Old England in the year 1636 out of the city of Norwich in the County of Norfolk, a widower with his son Peter, 18 years old, and settled at Martha's Vineyard. Hugh Peters came over from England and settled at Martha's Vineyard; he brought with him Mary Morrill, a waiting maid, who the aforesaid Peter married at the Vineyard in 1644, and afterwards moved to Nantucket with their son John three years old. They had one other son named Eleazar, and seven daughters. The youngest, Abiah, married Josiah Franklin and became the mother of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin."

There are many curious Indian legends connected with the island. One of their tutelary divinities was Maushope, a monster giant who could wade the Sounds. This tradition relative to Maushope was related to Benjamin Bassett, Esq., of Chilmark, by Thomas Cooper, a half-breed Indian of Gay Head, aged then about sixty years, and which he says he obtained from his grandmother who, to use his own expression, was "a stout girl" when the English came to the island. Maushope lived in what is now known as the Devil's Den on Gay Head, where he broiled whales on fires made of the largest trees which he pulled up by the roots, and distributed the cooked flesh among the natives. The bones of the whales and the coals of the fires are still pointed out in the wonderful phenomena of Gay Head. The first Indian who came to Martha's Vineyard, was, with his dog, borne on a cake of ice, and he found Maushope in his den with his wife and five children. Afterwards, in a passion, Maushope separated No Man's Land from Gay Head, changed his children into fishes and threw his wife over on Seacomet Point near Newport where she still remains a misshapen rock, and left his den forever.

Another legend is that as a monster bird was wont to visit Cape Cod and carry away papooses in his talons, Maushope waded the Sound and discovered Nantucket, and the bones of the children in a heap under a large tree. Wishing to smoke, but finding no tobacco on the island, he filled his pipe with poke weed, from which originated the Nantucket fogs, of which the natives afterwards said "there comes old Maushope's smoke." Still another legend is that Nantucket was made entire by Maushope when on a certain occasion, having filled his pipe with all the tobacco on Martha's Vineyard, he emptied the ashes after his big smoke, on the great shoal. At any rate the name of Maushope bids fair to always have a place in the history of these islands.

In 1690, Ichabod Paddock came here from Cape Cod to instruct the English how to kill whales in boats from the shore which was the principal way of procuring oil for many years, and was carried on with great success until about 1760, when it began to decrease by reason of the scarcity of the whales. The year 1726 was about the period when the whales were the most numerous. In that year eighty-six were taken. It may be remembered that notwithstanding it was a new business and the inhabitants had it all to learn by experience, that in the course of seventy years previous to 1760 not one white person was killed or drowned in pursuing the whaling business from the shore.

Although whales have disappeared from the waters around the Vineyard, many kinds of smaller fish are very abundant. It is said that there are no better grounds for bluefish anywhere on the Atlantic coast than within ten miles of the island. The best places being in Muskeget Channel, Shark Ground, or "Tom Shoal," and from Waquoit Point to Skiff's Island. Only two miles out to "Squash Meadow Shoal" are found quantities of scup and rock-bass. All along the north side of the island is good fishing ground for tautog, herring, and other varieties. Large quantities of cod are also taken within a short distance from the island. One day last week one boat brought in 136 large cod. Shell fish, such as clams, scallops and quahaugs, are found in great abundance in the shallow water of the harbor. In summer many people are engaged in lobster fishing. On the northwest side of the island is a little hamlet of fishermen's cottages called Lobsterville. From the middle of May to the middle of September the men are engaged in lobstering and for the rest of the year they move their families to more settled parts of the island.

Minnie E. Wheeler.

WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT

"From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND—CONCLUDED.

If Eve were living among us to-day, judging from her original representation, into what class could she enter without question or protest?

It will be hard, in an unprejudiced manner, to analyze one who has "got herself so disliked" as has Eve! Never in the Observer's whole life has she heard a voice raised in her defence by woman-kind! It is fair to add, that Adam is held in equal disfavor. We consider that the ideal of manhood as well as womanhood has risen since Eve's first birth-day, and that whatever Eve's faults may have been, Adam resigned all claims to being considered a gentleman when he brought a lady into the question—as a shield!

However, "that's another story," and we will confine our attention to the qualities Eve possessed and which are visible to-day among her descendants, and see into what class her type would naturally range itself—the literary or the non-literary women of the day.

In the first place Eve's ambitions for a "higher education" were strangely biased by her choice of teachers! That any mortal woman should not know enough to scream and run when she saw a snake is sufficient proof that Eve was surely lacking in the fundamental intuitions of womanhood! Furthermore nothing but a marked love of gossip could possibly have made her linger in such society; after vacuity of mind must have been the cause of her tiring so soon of the wonders of the earth made ready for her intelligent enjoyment, and lack of resources, from lack of keen perceptions, completed the mental category of the woman whose lineal type to-day turns from what is beautiful, inspiring, and innocent to seek the morbid excitements of untried situations and forbidden experiences.

Eve hungering and thirsting after knowledge! She would be a seeker, no doubt, were she here to-day, but her aim would be to know whether Mrs. Blank's new dress-skirt has a silk or a percale lining; whether Mrs. C's new cape was ready-made or ordered from Hollanders; whether Miss So and So's engagement was broken through his fault or hers; and how many pounds of butter Mrs. Q. uses per week.

This curiosity—for that was all Eve had—carried into other channels would have made her acquainted with every dangerous novel and with every doubtful play. She must have at least one bite out of whatever apple of discord in the way of misuse of intrinsically innocent amusements Society may be struggling to preserve in wholesome conditions. Her lack of dignity, self-control, and discrimination is the despair of the women who stand for these qualities and their social meanings, in a community; but, heartrending to acknowledge, if these particular Eves are pretty and stylish the average man—observe the qualifier—is beguiled into calling these mushy-brained, humming-bird hearted beings, "sweet women!" In choosing such a mate to be the un-maker of his earthly Eden, such men undergo the magnificent discipline of finding their own solution of Samson's riddle, and learn through "afflictions sore" that only, "Out of strength comes forth sweetness."

Ah no, Eve would not have cared about books or writers! The whole world would be upon a different level to day had she had the trained mind, the developed power of thought, the fine sense of proportion, the delicate humor, the cultivated and controlled imagination, and, above all else, the heart made deep and tender by the broad sympathies awakened by study and extensive reading, for a thousand times more deplorable than Eve's lack of an elevated mental life was the shallowness of her miserable little heart.

Ah, had the heart of the best women of our day been hers how quickly she would have understood the serpent of wily suggestion! The very A. B. C. of woman's life-alphabet with which she spells out her poem, or her tragedy, is the magnificent protecting quality of her tone. Deep-natured women are always instinctively material! This colors the quality of their love from the time they agonize over a doll's broken heart till they heal man's broken heart. If Eve had deserved to be ranked among the women who crown our *fin de siècle*, she would have loved Adam too well to have allowed him to copy her blunder! Bless

us! how she would have wheeled him away from the neighborhood of that baneful apple, and spent the rest of her life in ingenious diatribes upon the unwholesome qualities of an apple diet, supplanting the possibly-coveted fruit with something she evidently considered so much more desirable that happily-bewildered Adam would have gone through life affirming that "we don't think much of apples at our house," and stoutly maintained to the end of his days they "didn't agree with him, and that he preferred pears!"

How many men owe their honor, their self-respect, and the world's secondary, though necessary, tribute to the woman who truly loved him—not herself, and who by her finer intuitions detected evil before it had revealed itself to his slower perceptions, thus saving him from enclosing meshes; and who would have effaced herself from the earth rather than have tempted the man she loved to a suffering which could never have reached him save through love of her.

Ah me! Eve made a shocking bad wife, and, as results proved, probably a weak mother—as do her daughters of to-day. The reading, thinking, loving, literary women of the time have far different records. What if we say that Eve was womanish while the women, qualified to be called literary representatives of our day, are womanly, for between the realization of those differing words lies the Paradise and the Gehenna of womanhood—and turn to the promised record of the three typical literary women who were to challenge Eve's right to be ranked among them.

We have chosen one to represent the literary woman as friend; one as daughter; and one as wife and mother.

Some of the readers of the Chit-Chat have been so fortunate as to need but few words to bring before their minds the woman who could represent so perfectly the beautiful ideal of friendship. No one could have been privileged to look into Lucy Larcom's eyes and listen to the tones of her voice without feeling that noble thoughts possessed her mind, that tenderness filled her heart, that generosity colored her judgments, that a responsive good will met your advances, and that freedom from all pettiness created an atmosphere in which her soul dwelt at rest.

Bethel has one poetic shrine. Long may Lucy Larcom's Ledge be visited by reverent feet, and long may they be guided thereto by the gracious owners of the summer-home which was for years so lovingly opened to the appreciative poet-guest.

Lucy Larcom shall represent the literary friend.

"When I am famous, mother shall have everything she wants," was the secret spring of motive which fed Louisa Alcott's pen from its first hesitating scrawls of authorship up through her years of attainment, when it could command the coveted fortune which brought to that loving heart the longed-for power with which to enrich other lives. For an example of the most devoted filial love we need look no farther than to our own bright, lovable, absolutely real Louisa Alcott, who still lives amongst us, making thousands of girls more lovable and boys more manly every passing year.

Louisa Alcott shall represent the literary daughter.

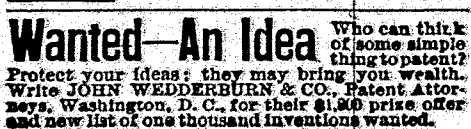
The wife and mother who—in a modest Maine home surrounded by her children—wrote the greatest book of the age, which convulsed and purified a nation setting it free from bondage can only be spoken of with reverent words and few.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the literary wife and mother, may gloriously end this record.

Nineteen centuries have done much for women. From Eve to Mrs. Stowe is a long, long leap. The *fin de siècle* women know how to love. Love of friends, of family, of causes, mark the growth in character of the developed woman of the close of the century—and never in the history of the world were women so truly lovable. P. S. After all our heart ravings misgives us! Have we been unmerciful to that little far-away superlative grandmother of us all—that poor little woman, off there in the country, "with no advantages," who never saw a copy of the Bethel News, nor belonged to the Columbian Club, nor went to the Maine Music Festival, nor rode a bicycle, nor wore a Russian blouse?

A good stump speech—"Save the Adirondack forest."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A great lord and a gentleman were talking together, when there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf." With that, he came towards him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat; but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, exclaimed, "Sirrah, do you know me, that you use no reverence?" "Yes," says the boy, "if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat."—All the Year Round.



BLIZZARDS AND ICICLES
will soon be here. Don't let pneumonia and doctor's bills be the first to arrive. Fortify yourself with one of our

GENUINE STORM and WIND PROOF FRIEZE ULSTERS at \$10.

They come in black, blue, brown and Oxford mixed colors. These are the best values in the State.

Cheaper Ulsters at **\$7.50, \$6, \$5, AND \$4.50.**

OUR BLUE, BLACK and BROWN KERSEY OVERCOATS at \$10.

are special values. It don't pay to buy cheaper ones. We've got them though—at **\$7.50, \$7.00, and \$5.00.**

SPEAKING ABOUT WARM CLOTHES and BARGAINS

reminds us of our *Fur Coats*. All we have got to say is, if you want one, just look at all the coats in the State, then come and look at ours. We'll sell you, sure. Why? Because we've got the best bargains.

We can clothe you from head to foot, in good shape. We're cheap this season.

COME AND SEE US.

ROYES AND ANDREWS, Norway, Maine

THE BETHEL NEWS

HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING ONE OF THE CLEANEST LOCAL PAPERS PUBLISHED IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

Contains Not Only the News, General, State, and Local, But Also Furnishes that Class of Choice Reading Which Should be Found in Every Home, and Especially Where There are Children.

ARE YOU ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT HOUR? If you are we earnestly request that you give us none of your attention as we do not wish to intrude on anyone's time, but if you are at leisure we wish to engage you to work for us just 60 minutes for which we will pay you \$1.25.

YOUR DUTIES.

May They Not Prove Grievous.

We hope you will not hurry but do your work well. All we ask of you is to look over very carefully this issue of the News, consider its merits and demerits, then read every word on this page, and if at the end of the hour you can conscientiously say that we are not issuing a paper which deserves the support of the people of Oxford County, and that we are not offering remarkable opportunities for the hour in which you were engaged all who wish to secure it, let us hear from you and we will send you the BETHEL NEWS one year free of charge. If, on the other hand, you are pleased with the paper and recognize the fact that we are placing some Grand Premiums before the people, you will doubtless take advantage of some of them, and by so doing, receive double the amount of the above offer. Hence in either case we will have paid you well for the hour in which you were engaged in our service.

OUR LIST OF PREMIUMS.

We beg leave to submit to the readers of this issue the following premium offers which we are making for the next few weeks.

We do not claim that we are making the greatest offers ever put before the public, but we do claim that few more liberal have ever been made in Oxford County.

We wish our readers to understand that we guarantee each premium to be just as represented, and if anyone is in the least dissatisfied with what they get, every dollar which they have paid in will be returned to them. We earnestly request that you read our premium offers very carefully, and you will notice that we are not only giving you our paper, but, in addition, are furnishing the premiums, at less than cost. You certainly see that there is nothing to be made by us, and doubtless you wonder how we can make such offers. It is simply a business adventure. No business ever became advertised without some expense. We wish to advertise our business thoroughly over the county and are paying for it in this way which is really dividing the amount which we pay among those who patronize us. We believe it is better to give our subscribers the benefit of our advertising money than to spend it in the various other channels of advertising.

In selecting our premiums we have endeavored to select a list, some one or more of which would please every one. Again, we have set no traps to get people into by setting our number of subscribers to be obtained so high that none could reach the mark, thus obliging them to drop out with nothing to show for their work. We do not want any one to work one minute without receiving something for it, and thus, if they do not get more than one subscriber they have several good premiums to choose from.

PREMIUM NO. 1.

A \$1.50 Fountain Pen Free to Every Subscriber.

Here is a genuine fountain pen, no more of a sacrifice on our part than is any other offer on this page. The secret is this: We want, yes, we are determined to get 1000 new subscribers during the next 40 days, and we do not expect to do it without some expense, hence, as is seen, we are not only giving you our paper, but we are giving you a fountain pen. You doubtless wonder how we can do this and well you may, but remember it is no more *bona fide*, and

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PREMIUM NO. 3.

OUR GRAND BOOK OFFER.

These books at the prices which we are offering them, are unquestionably the greatest bargain of the kind ever placed before the people of Oxford County. The series contains 250 titles of the best known books in English literature, all printed on good paper, from clear type; they are substantially bound in cloth with gold stamped backs and ornamented sides and head-bands. They are not of a cheap class of reading, but rather are some of the most popular works from our most popular authors, as will be seen by referring to the following list.

Lack of space will not permit publishing the entire list, but we will give about 100 of them that our readers may see what they are.

PARTIAL LIST.

Afloat and Ashore, J. Fenimore Cooper
Alhambra, The, Washington Irving
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll
As in a Looking Glass, F. C. Phillips
Baffled Conspirators, The, W. E. Norris
Beaton's Bargain, Mrs. Alexander
"Black Beauty," The Autobiography of a Horse, Anna Sewall
Blind Fate, Mrs. Alexander
Bright Wedding Day, A., Charlotte M. Braeme
Broken Wedding Ring, A., Charlotte M. Braeme
By Order of the King, Alexander Dumas
Change of Air, Anthony Hope
Children of the Abbey, The, Regina Maria Roche
Child's History of England, A., Charles Dickens
Confession of an English Opium Eater, and The English Mail Coach, Thomas De Quincey
Crooked Path, A., Mrs. Alexander
Dark Marriage Morn, A., Charlotte M. Braeme
David Copperfield, Charles Dickens
East Lynne, Mrs. Henry Wood
False Start, A., Hawley Gould
Fatal Wedding, A., Charlotte M. Braeme
Fire and Fidelity, The, Jessie Fothergill
Friendship, From the Earth to the Moon, Jules Verne
Green Mountain Boys, Daniel Pierce Thompson
Gulliver's Travels, Deane Swift
Hardy Norsemans, A., Edna Lyall
Her Second Love, Charlotte M. Braeme
History of a Crime, Alexander Dumas
Hypatia, Charles Kingsley
Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott
John Halifax, Gentleman, Miss Mulock
Knight Errant, Edna Lyall
Lady Audley's Secret, Miss M. E. Braddon
Lady of the Lake, The, Sir Walter Scott
Laodicean, A., Thomas Hardy
Last Days of Pompeii, The, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton
Last of the Mohicans, The, J. Fenimore Cooper
Life's Mistake, A., Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron
Life's Remorse, A., "The Duchess"
Marriage at Sea, A., W. Clark Russell
Marriage in High Life, A., Octave Feuillet
Miles Wallingford, (Sequel to "Afloat and Ashore"), J. Fenimore Cooper
Mrs. Geoffrey, "The Duchess"
Mysterious Island, The, Jules Verne
Ninety-three, Victor Hugo
Oliver Twist, Charles Dickens
On Her Wedding Morn, Charlotte M. Braeme
Pair of Blue Eyes, A., Thomas Hardy
Pathfinder, The, J. Fenimore Cooper
Paul and Virginia, St. Pierre
Pioneers, The, or, The Sources of the Susquehanna, J. Fenimore Cooper
Prairie, The, Charlotte DeFoe
Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe
Romola, George Eliot
Scottish Chiefs, The, Miss Jane Porter
Ships that Pass in the Night, Beatrice Harraden
Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, The, Washington Irving
Spy, The, J. Fenimore Cooper
Story of an African Farm, Olive Schreiner
Swiss Family Robinson, Montolieu and Wyss
Tale of Two Cities, A., Charles Dickens
Thaddeus of Warsaw, Miss Jane Porter
Thelma, Marie Corelli
Thorns and Orange Blossoms, Charlotte M. Braeme
Three Men in a Boat, Jerome K. Jerome
Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There, With fifty illustrations by John Tenniel, Lewis Carroll
Toilers of the Sea, Victor Hugo
Tom Brown at Oxford, Thomas Hughes
Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby, Thomas Hughes
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, Jules Verne
Twice-Told Tales, Nathaniel Hawthorne
Two Admirals, The, A Tale of the Sea, J. Fenimore Cooper
Under the Greenwood Tree, Thomas Hardy
Under Two Flags, "Ouida"
Vanity Fair, William M. Thackeray
Waverley, Sir Walter Scott
When a Man's Single, J. M. Barrie
Which Loved Him Best? Charlotte Braeme
Which Shall It Be? Mrs. Alexander
Young Forresters, The, W. H. G. Kingston
Zenobia; or, The Fall of Palmyra, William Ware

HOW TO SECURE THEM.

To anyone sending us \$1.25 to pay for the BETHEL NEWS one year, we make the following suggestion: In sending in your order, you give your first choice and then what your second choice would be, for though we have practically an exhaustless supply, yet owing to the great demand, it would be safer to give your second choice.

Now, if you are striving to get a library together, look over the above list and you will find many books that you have long wished for. You have never before had such an opportunity as this to get them and you may never have another, so you had better get them while you can. A few subscriptions to the News obtained and you have your book-case filled with choice books without one cent's expense, not even the postage on the books.

NOTICE. Realizing that this remarkable offer will mean nothing but a wild rush on the books.

PREMIUM NO. 4.

TWO DOZEN MINUTIES AND THE NEWS ONE YEAR FOR \$1.25.

These pictures are having a great which they are made. All who derun at the present time. They are sure to improve this offer should send small, being about 1 1/2 x 3 inches. a cabinet photograph which will be You get a complete likeness and as returned with the picture. perfect a picture as the photo from

PREMIUM NO. 5.

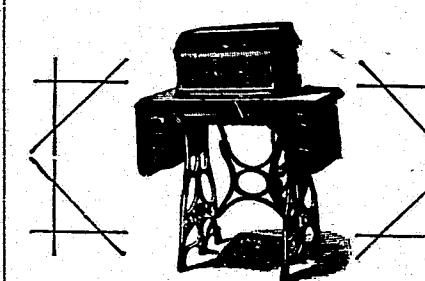
A FINE GOLD WATCH ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Now the boys and girls are interested, yet so many have been fooled by these grand gold watches advertised in papers, it would not be surprising if some were a little shy, so let us understand about this watch. It is not a solid gold watch worth \$50, nor a gold filled watch worth \$20, but a heavy, gold-plated watch; it is a very pretty watch, a good time-keeper and should sell readily for \$6 or \$8. The gentlemen's are opened faced and the ladies', hunting case.

Now, do you want it? You do. Very well. All you will need to do is to spend a few hours for us; your only expense will be 2 cents for postage when you send in your order. All we ask of you is to secure 5 new yearly subscribers to the News, or 10 for six months, or 20 for three months. Just a word to the boys and girls. You will never reach the top of a hill unless you make a start. It may seem quite a difficult task to secure five subscribers, but remember others have secured twenty-five times this number. We have given away within the past six months, three bicycles, one gold watch, \$20 in cash, one camera, and several fountain pens, and now expect to give away 100 of these watches. Do you want one?

Premium No. 6.

A \$45.00 New Home Sewing Machine for 25 New Subscribers.



The machine which we offer here is the highest grade machine made by the New Home Sewing Machine Co., and is known as the Climax. It is finished in solid oak, has seven drawers, high arm, and all the attachments which go with a first-class machine. This machine is advertised by the company at \$45.00, and is pronounced by all who have used it to be one of the best machines on the market.

But what need of this explanation? Every woman in Maine knows that the New Home Sewing Machine is unexcelled. There are scores of ladies who would be more pleased with this beautiful machine for a Christmas present than anything else we can suggest. It is these very ladies whom we desire to make happy. Begin at once. Visit your neighbors and write to your friends; tell them \$1.25 means two dollars' worth of reading matter to them and a \$45 sewing machine to you. Call at the News office when in town and examine this machine.

Premium No. 7.

A \$75.00 BICYCLE GIVEN ON THREE CONDITIONS.

First, for 50 New Yearly Subscribers.
Second, for 40 " " " and \$10.
Third, for 30 " " " and \$20.

This is a genuine wheel and one that sells on the market for \$75.00. Although the bicycle season is over, yet we hope it will come again and Santa Claus could please his boys and girls no more than by riding down the chimney on one of these wheels, because he certainly could not ride back and would have to leave the wheel.

A Word of Advice to Our Boys and Girls.

Do not make a mistake and think you can't get 50 subscribers, for some of our boys have secured many more than this in less time than you have. (As to time, read what is said under the heading "OUR LIST OF PREMIUMS.") Now, begin at once and you will be surprised to see how easily you will earn that one thing for which you have so long wished.

Premium No. 8.

A Fine Eastman Camera for 4 New Subscribers.

Every one interested in amateur size of an ordinary card photograph photography knows that the East and will do just as good work as any man Camera rank among the best, larger and more expensive camera. This camera will make a picture the

Premium No. 9.

SOMETHING TO PLEASE THE BOYS.

Why have ice if we have no skates and every boy will be made happy to use it? Either alone, is a nuisance. Now, boys, hustle around; we want but taken together they make a grand you to have the skates and all we combination. Now, boys, how shall ask of you is to send us one yearly we get the combination? We have it; subscription to the News and we Nature will furnish the ice, the will send you a nice, new pair of BETHEL NEWS will furnish the skates, skates.

Premium No. 10.

SUNRISE NICKLE ALARM CLOCK FREE TO EVERYONE WHO WILL SEND US \$1.25 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEWS.

You are as sure to find icicles in Conn., and have a four-inch dial and your bowl of hot stew as a person second hand. A written guarantee over-sleeping in a house where there given with every clock. This is de is one of our Sunrise Alarm Clocks. cidedly the best dollar clock on the These clocks are made by the market. Don't fail to have one. Waterbury Clock Co., Waterbury.

Let Us Assist You.

We are anxious for you to secure all the subscribers you can, and will gladly assist in any way possible. We wish all who try for any of the premiums would keep in communication with us, and be free to ask any and all questions which they may need to ask.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Nothing will sell a paper any more readily than to show your friends a good list of items from their town or district; we, therefore, earnestly request that those working for premiums in places where we have no regular correspondent, to endeavor to get some one to send us a good list of items each week, (see terms to correspondents under another heading), and after securing a regular correspondent, so you can say to the people that their place is to be represented each week, call upon your friends and show them a sample copy of the News, and call attention to the fact that we always publish all notices of meetings, programmes, and reports of benevolent societies free of charge, and never make any charge to our subscribers for anything like a Card of Thanks or an obituary.

The paper invariably speaks for itself. Your friends will readily see that it is a clean sheet, made up entirely of desirable reading matter; they will see no plate matter, no objectionable advertisements, no scandal, no clashing or back-biting, and, in fact, nothing that any of your people would object to have their children read. If they do not recognize the above we do not want them to have the paper; if they do, you will get their subscription.

We will gladly supply you with all the sample copies you need.

Correspondents.

We desire to have every town in the county represented by a good live correspondent, one that will take an interest in the matter and send in items that will be of interest to our readers. We are much pleased with those we now have, and wish here, to express our appreciation of the efforts which they have made in behalf of the News. Others we want who will be equally as deserving of our praise. We, therefore, request that anyone who is willing to assist us in furnishing items from their town, to write us and we will be glad to arrange with them. We furnish stamped envelopes to our correspondents and send them the News; besides this, we have a proposition to make anyone who will take up the work in unrepresented towns. Let us hear from you and we will make all known our proposition. We wish to urge upon our correspondents the necessity of getting in their items early, and if at any time anything of interest occurs after they have been sent we will be pleased to have an account of the same sent anytime before Wednesday morning. Be careful not to write anything to cause strife. We have never opened our columns to anyone to be used as a medium through which they could express their opinion of their rivals. We are pleased to state, however, that we have been obliged to cut out but little of this class of matter. We also urge upon you to avoid gossip; while we are anxious for items each week, yet we ask you not to write unless you can send something of interest to our readers, and especially to those of your own community. Much of the success of our paper depends upon the work of our correspondents; hence we hope that all will feel their responsibility and assist us as best they can.

Word Contest.

Here is a chance to prove your skill. We want to see how many words you can form using the letters found in the words, WORD CONTEST. Do not use any letter more times in the same word than it occurs in the above words.

This will be a pleasant pastime for you during the long, winter evenings, and we hope you will not only enjoy it, but get much good from the study. Take a sheet of paper and write the words as you form them, numbering each one.

CONDITIONS.

All you need to do to compete for this prize is to get just as many it.

Job Printing.

We wish to inform the public that we have excellent facilities for doing job printing, and respectfully ask any who are to need any done in the future to send us for samples and let us quote you prices.

We are satisfied that when we can get a chance to show the people our work and give them our prices, in nine cases out of ten, we can get their order, and wherever we place one of our dep we invariably establish a future having superior advantages for doing customer. We have scores of regular customers in different parts of the State besides some in other states which we have obtained in this way.

Our ambition is to suit those for whom we do work and it is gratifying to receive a note of appreciation from them occasionally. A Bangor party who sent us a small order some three months ago, to get a sample of our work, and who is now

GRANT US ONE FAVOR.

We do not ask you to give us all your printing for that would be useless, but we simply ask that you send us some job however small and let us do it just to prove to you that we are superior to any other printer in the State. We have scores of regular customers in different parts of the State besides some in other states which we have obtained in this way.

A DOLLAR SAVED IS A DOLLAR EARNED. All who are on that list are saving dollars, and that is just why they stay. It will cost you nothing to join us, so send in your application blank at once.

News Publishing Company,

BETHEL, MAINE.

THE BETHEL NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS BY
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
Cole Block, - Bethel, Maine.
E. C. BOWLER, - Editor.
Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
TERMS OF THE NEWS.
One year to any address, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .35
SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
Single copies of the News are three cents each. For convenience of patrons single copies of each issue for sale at the following places:
Bethel, Wiley's Drug Store.
South Paris, Shaw's Drug Store.
Norway, Shaw's Drug Store.
Rumford Falls, C. Clifford.

Bethel, Maine, NOV. 24th, 1897



The Academy Herald, the Gould Academy paper, prepared by the students has just been issued. It reflects much credit upon students and teachers, also the News Publishing Co.—Oxford Democrat.

In a few weeks the Lewiston Journal hopes to carry out plans now maturing for the enlargement of the paper; it is intended to increase the number of pages from 8 to 10 or 12 daily, and on Saturday from 16 to 20 or 24 pages.

P. T. Barnum once said: "The man who can stick type and the next morning talk to a thousand people while I am talking to one is the man whose help I want." If the great show man found the printer's necessary, why does not the live business man to-day? You cannot overestimate the influence of the press.

Thanksgiving Day! To how many of our free born American people these words have the significance that they should have, we dare not venture to say, but we cannot refrain from thinking that if only those were to feast upon the fatted turkey, fewer of the innocent fowls had been driven to the guillotine, the past few days.

This will ever be a good day to recount the national virtues of the past; to remember the heroic figures that give to our public the best evidence of the fruitfulness of democracy; to recall Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant and a great cloud of other splendid witnesses to the power of national life in its noblest incarnations.—Selected.

It is safe to say that the sport loving public has given the football a warm place in its heart; a week ago last Saturday 25,000 people saw a game played by the Yale and Harvard eleven at Cambridge, and a greater number was expected to witness the Yale Princeton contest and the Harvard Pennsylvania game last Saturday. The roughness of former years has to a great extent been unknown this year, as but few serious accidents have happened.

"Why then go far?
At home is where true blessings are."

As the holiday season draws nigh many are the fond hearts to be united and many the homes to be established.

Young men and young women who have been planning for the all important day thus far in life, when they shall take upon themselves the vow "for better or worse until death do part," have decided the day to be Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year. While we earnestly hope that each pair united at this season may find their happiness increase as the months and years go by, and that blessings manifold may be theirs in the future, we desire also to help make each and every token of the memorable day, one of taste and good judgment. The little dainty tokens sent by the happy ones to invite friends to the wedding, or to acquaint them that the important event has taken place is in our special line of work, and we earnestly request that the prospective brides and grooms of Oxford County and vicinity will give the line of wedding invitations, announcements, stationery, etc., at the News office their careful consideration.

Our wedding certificates are beautiful. We have all sizes from the minute pocket certificate to those in many sizes, to be framed. Our ministers, justices, and all legalized by law to perform the marriage ceremony will find a large line of certificate samples at the office of
The News Pub. Co.,
Bethel, Me.

Bright Outlook for Gould's Academy.
The fall term of Gould's Academy closed, Friday, after one of the most successful terms in the history of the school.

The trustees have certainly been fortunate in securing a man of Mr. Hanscom's ability, experience, and peculiar tact, to take charge of the school. No sooner had the present corps of teachers taken up their work here, than it became plainly evident that their efforts would be crowned with success and the public examinations which were given at the close of this term, revealed this

fact to the admiration of all interested.

Mr. Hanscom's reputation as a successful teacher, brought several scholars from adjacent towns, this term, and we understand that there are several more who are coming this winter. This, indeed, is encouraging, and as success is sure to come to those whose efforts merit the same, we shall expect to see the same interest which has characterized the first term under the present instructors, continue until our Academy building shall be filled to the overflow with pupils.

Bethel is certainly an ideal place for a school; the disturbance of larger places is wanting, expenses are low, and the social influences are unexcelled; and with a corps of teachers having a peculiar faculty to teach, and a principal possessing a keen business ability to manage the affairs of the school, as such we have, there is no reason why we may not have a school which shall stand second to none in the State.

Look Here!

Show us a man who has been a success in life and we will show you one who has improved his opportunities. Some opportunities are offered on page three of this issue. Here is one. Suppose you want a sewing machine. If you get a first-class one you will pay \$45.00. Now what is your opportunity? Why send us \$31.25 and you not only save \$13.75 on the machine, but you also get 25 subscriptions to the News. These you can sell for \$1.25 and if you make no mistake in reckoning your machine costs you precisely nothing. There are nine other premiums which will figure out the same way.

Our Advertisers.

We have a class of friends whom we call our special friends, and as people always have a particular interest in their special friends, so we have a particular interest in our advertisers. We have a fixed principle upon which we do business, viz: in every branch of our business to give those with whom we do business their money's worth. Wherein we have succeeded we leave it to our patrons to say.

We are alive to the fact that when we accept the money of a person in payment for any service, that we are under obligations to that person to render them our best possible service and to use our influence as best we can to bring them good returns for their money invested.

This endeavor to do with our advertisers. They pay us for our space. Their object in doing it is to advertise their business; and our duty is to use our columns as best we can to advertise their business. This we are free to do and are always glad to lend our influence and assist in every possible way to make their advertising with us a success.

RESULT OF OUR EFFORTS.
That we have succeeded in our efforts is proven by the fact that our advertisers are always anxious to remain with us. We have at the present time a list of desirable advertisers and this is the kind we will always have, if we have any.

There are some things we will not do and one of them is to do anything objectionable advertising matter or open our columns to those people who are promising wonderful things but whose sole object is to humbug the people. We are constantly turning away advertisers whom we know are not doing a legitimate business and the fact that we publish the advertisements of those concerns only of whom we can vouch as doing a legitimate business, has done more towards placing our paper in the front ranks as an advertising medium than anything else we could have done.

People who are doing a square business do not like to be, and should not be, associated with knaves and money-hawks, and we do not intend they shall be in the News. We hope those who are doing an honorable business will communicate with us, and we will not only quote your reasonable prices, but will serve your interests in every possible way. We will give you as good space as is possible to give you, will guarantee to our readers that your business is as represented, and will gladly publish an occasional reading notice when the same will advance your interests.

NOTICE.

At our present rates, our paper is becoming well filled with advertising, and we find that it will be necessary in the near future to increase our rates. This will be done on January 1, 1898, but we wish to state that we will make yearly contracts at our present rates to all who apply for space before that date.

All who desire their advertisements to appear in a paper pronounced by its advertisers to be one of the best advertising mediums in Western Maine should attend to it and place their ads. before Jan. 1.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

T—E—N.
Ten chances.
Ten chances are offered.
Ten chances are offered this week.
Mrs. Hall is visiting her son, Liscoe.

How the gobblers will be gobbled to-morrow.
Thos. Hutchins has moved into the Godwin house.

The Androscoggin has been frozen over for several days.

Mrs. Chas. Bartlett of Hanover, was in town, Saturday.

Ten chances are offered this week to get the BETHEL NEWS.

Mrs. Clara Howard visited Mrs. J. U. Purington, last week.

Miss Ethel Richardson has been visiting in Norway, for the past few days.

Miss Hattie Johnson of Berlin, N. H., has been visiting friends in Bethel.

F. E. Hanscom is spending his vacation with his folks at West Poland.

Mrs. Agnes Farwell visited her mother, sister, and brother at Albany last week.

The auxiliary to the W. B. F. M. held an interesting meeting, Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Ethel Metcalf of Farmington, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Walker.

Mrs. Ada Wight and two children returned from Massachusetts, Monday afternoon.

Master Robert Bisbee was in Paris Saturday, in the interest of the Academy Herald.

Ten chances are offered this week to get the BETHEL NEWS, the best paper in Oxford County.

The Ladies' Club will be omitted this week and will meet November 30th with Mrs. F. B. Tuell.

There will be a Union service of the several churches in Garland Chapel, Thursday evening.

Ten chances are offered this week to get the BETHEL NEWS, the best paper in Oxford County, absolutely free.

Mrs. O. M. Mason went to Woodford, Thursday, accompanied by little Dorothy, returning Monday afternoon.

A class in free hand drawing will be opened at the Academy on Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th, under the instruction of Mr. Field.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bowler of Palermo, arrived in town, yesterday, and are on a visit to their sons, Wilfred and E. C. Bowler.

Miss Belle Fogg of Brownfield, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. F. E. Barton, for the past three weeks, has returned home.

Rev. Israel Jordan will occupy the pulpit in the Union Church at West Bethel next Sunday, service to begin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Woodbury, connected with the Industrial School in Lancaster, Mass., have been visiting their uncle, Judge Woodbury.

Mrs. Clarence Hall came from Berlin, Saturday, returning in the afternoon, accompanied by Freddie, who will spend his vacation there.

Mrs. E. T. Russell and daughter Shirley, left Bethel for their winter home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday morning, accompanied by Miss Mary Shirley.

B. C. Snyder of the News office, was called to Berlin, N. H., Saturday, to sing at the exercises of the twentieth anniversary of the Congregational church. Miss Jane Gibson also went for the same purpose.

The Ladies' Club met with Mrs. J. M. Philbrook, Thursday afternoon. The topic "Are you a friend or foe to Santa Claus," led to an interesting discussion concerning the "Grand Old Man" and Christmas presents. Whatever difference of opinion was expressed by the ladies in regard to other matters, the true Christmas spirit was advocated by all.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Bethel Chorus will begin active work upon the music for the Festival of '98, next Tuesday evening at 7:30. The books have arrived and can be obtained from Mr. A. E. Herrick at the bank for \$1.25 each. The music is much harder and more of it than last year, consequently it is very important that all who intend to study it should begin next Tuesday evening. All new persons intending to join the Chorus must signify their intentions to the director before then either verbally or through the mail, and not on rehearsal night. The date of admission to the Chorus for both old and new members will close January 1st. The rehearsals are not open to the public; those that are will be announced later.

A. W. Powers of Newry was in the village, Saturday.

C. D. Lord of Lovell was in town Friday, on business.

A. M. Carter was at home from Berlin over Sunday.

Skating on Rowe's meadow has begun in good earnest.

Mrs. Eli Swan of South Paris, visited in town last week.

Miss Adelaide M. Gordon has finished her term of school.

Mr. Field spent a few days at West Bethel with Dana Grover.

Ernest Pratt will spend his vacation at his home at Pishon's Ferry.

The Epworth League met last Monday evening at the home of Miss Cora M. Bean.

W. Stanwood Field left to-day to spend two weeks at his home at West Sumner.

The Misses Delena and Gladys May Smith have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Gerald Smith.

Charles Emerson, general agent for the Great Eastern Fertilizers, was in town last Wednesday.

The Middle Intervale Baptist Circle will meet with Mrs. Joseph Holt, Thursday forenoon, Dec. 2nd.

Robert Foster and Fred Merrill came home from Bowdoin to spend Thanksgiving with their folks.

L. A. Hall wishes to announce that all laundry left at his shop before Wednesday can be received Friday.

Miss E. E. Burnham attended the anniversary exercises at the Congregational church, Berlin, last Sunday.

Mrs. Roxanna Penley, who has been ill at Wm. D. Hastings', recovered sufficiently to return to her son's last Friday.

John Archibald of Lancaster, N. H., has been in town for a few days doing some upholstery for Frank Bartlett.

The subject of the discourse at the M. E. church next Sunday morning will be "The Criminality of the Liquor Traffic."

Miss Sanborn is staying with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Burbank, for a few days. She expects to spend the winter at Norway, Me.

It looks as if the old historic Pine Woods near Middle Intervale would be among the things that were, if the new mill arrives that is expected.

It is expected there will be work in the initiatory degree at Mount Abram Lodge, Saturday evening.

All Odd Fellows are requested to attend.

Fred L. Edwards has arranged to bring water into his tie-up in front of his cows so he can water them without turning them out of the barn; a very handy arrangement.

Dr. Holt of Berlin, was in town Friday to arrange with Mr. Hanscom for his son to attend the winter term at the Academy. It is pleasant to note the influx of scholars from other towns.

At the annual meeting of the Praying Band of the M. E. church the following officers were elected: Pres., Charles H. Davis; Assistant Leader, S. J. Haselton; Sec., Miss Cora M. Bean; Assistant Sec., Miss A. M. Gordon.

Francis J. Jeffery of Portland, secretary for the Alaska-Yukon-Klondike Gold Syndicate, was in town, Saturday. He was on his return from Gorham where he had arranged with two young men to accompany them to the Alaskan gold fields.

The annual election of officers of the Epworth League for the ensuing year, resulted as follows: Pres., Miss Ethel Morse; 1st V. Pres., Westley Wheeler; 2nd V. Pres., Miss Ada Coburn; 3rd V. Pres., Miss Fannie Capen; 4th V. Pres., Miss Eva Bryant; Sec., Lyman Wheeler; Treas., C. R. Fox.

E. W. King, Bethel's popular singer, has found it necessary, owing to the remarkable growth which his business has had for the past two years, to move into larger quarters. He has, therefore, leased the store recently vacated by S. N. Buck, and will take on a much larger stock than he has been able to carry in his present store.

Mr. Edmund Poole of Boston, has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Gehring for a few days. Mr. Poole has a fine baritone voice which has received very careful training and which he used most generously for the pleasure of some of the music-lovers of Bethel in impromptu musicals arranged by Mrs. Gehring during his brief stay.

With the magazine for hard coal the genuine ROUND OAK works perfectly, with very little fuel, heats all you want, or as little. You see it's a radiating surface, no mica doors and non-radiating nickel plate. Built for durability and business, and lasts a life time, giving perfect service always. See the name on the leg.

Hastings Bros., agents, Bethel, Me.

At the annual meeting of the Bethel lodge of F. and A. M., the following officers were elected: W. M., J. H. Barrows; S. W., Curtis Abbott; J. W., N. E. Richardson; Treas., M. W. Chandler; Sec., J. C. Billings; S. D., D. G. Lovejoy; J. D., Henry Farwell. There will be a public installation of officers on Thursday

evening Dec. 2, open to all Masons and their families in this jurisdiction and to the families of deceased Masons. Dist. Deputy Ricker of Jefferson lodge will be the installing officer, and his lodge is invited to attend. After installation a supper will be served at the Universalist vestry.

Resolutions on the Death of Bro. Wallace Farwell.

Hall of Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 31, I.O.O.F., Nov. 20, '97.

"Once more we are reminded of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. Once more we are called upon to mourn the loss of a brother. The hand of death has been laid upon us, and taken from our number Bro. Wallace Farwell, Noble Grand of this lodge.

Therefore, be it resolved, that in the death of Bro. Farwell—this lodge has lost one of its most interested members, one ever ready to advance the principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth;

Resolved, that we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for the next thirty days; that these resolutions be entered upon our records, a copy sent to the family of our deceased brother; also to the BETHEL NEWS for publication.

C. Bisbee,
S. I. French,
C. C. Bryant, Sec'y.

Attest:
C. C. Bryant, Sec'y.

The Monhegan Club.

The Monhegan Club met on Friday evening, November 12, and in spite of the absence of several members a very interesting meeting was held. The interest which is being manifested in the purpose of this club shows how desirous its young members are of being more intelligently versed in the general knowledge of their native state. Various topics were discussed on the subjects for that evening—early explorations, settlements and charters. Under the business of the club it was found that a treasurer was needed to fulfill the duties of that office. Mr. George H. French was accordingly chosen to act in that capacity. The subject to be discussed at the next club is the wars in the early history of our State.

A Chance to go to West Point.

Congressman Dingley gives notice that there is a vacancy in the cadetship to which the Second Congressional District is entitled, both in the Military Academy at West Point and in the Naval School at Annapolis, to be filled in June next; and he asks that such young men, bona fide residents of this district, as are eligible, and desire to compete for the appointment to each place should at once notify him and he will forward them the regulations and requirements. Candidates for West Point must not be less than 17 nor more than 22 years of age, and those for the Naval School not less than 16 nor more than 22. It is useless for anyone to compete for either cadetship who is not physically sound and specially proficient in mathematics. Two candidates have recently failed because not sufficiently proficient in mathematics.

Gould's Academy Entertainment.

Friday evening Oct. 1st hall was hired to listen to the rendering of a program presented by the students of Gould's Academy, which was as follows:

School Chorus.—Columbia Hall Recitation.—Hanging a Picture, Mabel V. Shaw.

School Callisthenics.—Freshman Class. Original Essay.—Influence of Nature, Alya Perkins.

Vocal Duet, Misses Florence and Barbara Carter.

Wand Drill.—Fourteen Young Ladies. Patriotism in a Nut Shell.—Messrs. Bisbee, Blake, Hobson and Holmes.

Original Declaration.—American Flag, Leon Walker.

Recitation.—A White Lily, Sara Chapman.

Vocal Solo.—Mr. Field.

Recitation.—A Gypsy Maid, Florence Carter.

Military Drill.—Academy Cadets.

Vocal Duet.—Misses Florence and Barbara Carter.

Declaration.—How Parson Whitney Spent New Year's, Mr. Gay.

Delaware Drill.—Elocution Class.

When all did so well, it would be unjust to mete out special praise to any one. The original parts showed a depth of thought unusual in pupils so young. The drills were executed with perfect precision; the recitations, and declarations showed careful training, the music was highly appreciated and the Delaware Drill was beautiful and a fitting close to an exhibition which had been ideal, in as much as it showed the most earnest work of every teacher and an equal desire on the part of the pupils to do their best.

Our teachers came among us at the beginning of the year as strangers. The interested audience was an indication of the deep interest our citizens have in the welfare of the school. The past term has been one of great value to the pupils, as the public examination and exhibition testify. The ideal has been reached when teacher and pupil work in unison for the greatest good, and parents and friends are willing to show their interest and work for the up-

building of the school too.

The department of elocution is a great help, as the exhibition demonstrated.

A hopeful and successful future for Gould's Academy is assured, and the teachers will return among us no longer strangers, but welcomed as those who have inspired confidence in all who have the interest of education at heart.

RUMFORD FALLS.

George Bonney has moved into F. E. Randall's house.

Rev. J. L. Hoyle preached at Mexico, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Elliott is clerking in Whipple's Bargain Store.

J. G. Gilbert of Lewiston visited Rev. E. W. Webber, last week.

Nathan Salsbury and family are visiting on Prince Edward Island.

Mr. McNealley has moved into his new house on Washington street.

Mrs. Harry Marx is at Berlin, N. H., visiting her sister, Mrs. Schoneur.

Angus Sawyer has bought a stand at Livermore Falls and moved there.

Burt & Brown have opened a paint shop at the corner of Bridge street and Swan road.

E. I. Brown will put in 3,000,000 feet of spruce at Bemis, during the coming winter.

W. V. Lander has begun work on a double tenement house on Penobscot street.

Mrs. John A. Decker and son have returned home from their summer residence in Weld.

N. B. Jackson will spend the winter in California and go to Klondike when the season opens.

Do It Yourself.

You can tell just as well as a physician whether your kidneys are diseased or healthy. The way to do is to take a bottle of glass tumbler, and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment—a powder like substance—at the bottom after standing a day and night, there is something wrong with the kidneys. Another sure sign of disease is a desire to urinate often and still another sign is pain in the back. If urine stains linen there is no doubt that the kidneys are affected.

Any and all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and of the urinary passages, and constipation of the bowels are cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. There is no question about its being the best and surest medicine in the world for such troubles. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine, and people young or old, who take it are not compelled to get up a number of times during the night. For putting an end to that scalding pain experienced in passing urine, nothing is so good as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer; is pleasant to the taste, and does not seem to be medicine at all. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder often require the use of instruments to push back the sandy matter, the urine can be voided. In such cases Favorite Remedy should be taken without further delay or the disease may prove fatal. It is sold for one dollar a bottle at all drug stores. It is well worth many times its price.

SAMPLES FREE.

If you wish to test Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy before buying it, send your full post office address to Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, London, N.Y., and mention this paper. We will then mail you a sample bottle free, as well as circulars giving full directions for its use. Every reader of the News can depend upon the genuineness of this liberal offer, and all sufferers from kidney troubles, should take advantage of it at once.

THE ONLY 25 Calibre Repeater on the market. Made in all lengths and styles, regular and TAKE DOWN. Model 1893, using the .25-40 and .25-35 is the strongest and best repeater made.

TAKE DOWNS in all calibres. MODEL 1894 ready. THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn. Write for catalogue.

In .25-20, .25-40, .44-40 and .25-30. Use MARLIN RUST REPELLER to preserve guns and all metal work, 15 cents per tube. Send fifteen cents in stamps and we will mail you a pack of highest quality playing cards, special design.

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TAKE DOWNS in all calibres. MODEL 1894 ready.

Our Young Readers.

Our First Thanksgiving Day.

Children, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our pilgrim fathers
In that time so far away?
They had given to religion
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes, and friends, and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.
On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.
And too often, 'e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red man
Burn the roof above his head.
Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the spring time reached them,
They had buried half their band.
But their noble, brave endurance,
Was not excused in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.
And the patient pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.
So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies
Set a special day apart.
That was in the Autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred and twenty-one,
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.
And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time honored custom
Of those pilgrims, long since dead.
We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.
And the children of New England,
If they bless, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for those brave pilgrims
And their first Thanksgiving Day.
—Youths' Companion.

A Word to the Children.

With this issue of the News we again undertake the publication of reading especially for the children; while we have not forgotten our young readers during the past few months, our columns have been so filled with matter for the older people that of a necessity we felt we were obliged to discontinue the column heretofore known as the Children's Column.

Realizing that the pleasant season for out-of-door amusements has past and that the little ones must stay in the house much more than is pleasant for many of the active ones, and that there will be many long evenings to pass away, we wish to help amuse those in whom we all have a deep interest—the children.

We have, during the summer months, received communications asking that the Children's Column be taken up again and so now we are going to give them a chance to help a little. Of course a children's department is not at all interesting if there are no letters, and of course each one wants to do his best to make this department interesting, so we shall expect to hear from many of our little friends in the future.

Just now there is so much to write about that it seems there need be no excuse for anyone to put aside writing until later; every scholar wants to know what schools beside his own are doing, so letters of your school work are sure to please; then, again, Christmas is almost here, and it is time for active brains and busy fingers to be planning and fashioning gifts for friends, so if some of the dainty little girls and sturdy boys will tell other girls and boys, through the columns of the News, of some articles that can be made for papa, mama, grandpa or grandma, you may make more than one happy heart at Christmas time.

As an incentive for you to do your best in this matter, we shall send to the boy or girl who writes us the best letter before December 21st, a nicely bound, interesting book, selecting one suitable for the age of the writer. We shall try to have the lucky one receive it by December 25th, so it may be counted among the Christmas gifts.

Now, how many will try? We shall print every letter that comes taking them as nearly as possible in the order they reach us. Whose letter will appear next week?

Children's Letters.

Bluehill, Me., Nov. 19th, '97.
Dear Editor:
I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, writing and geography. I live with my sister, and I have a dear little nephew; his name is George Atwood Snow, and he can laugh and play.

Yours truly,
Vivian Dingley.

Bluehill, Me., Nov. 19th, 1897.
Dear Editor:
A little friend of mine has written a letter, and wanted me to write a letter too. I am afraid I can not do it very well. I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school and like my teacher very much. For a playmate, I have a little white dog that I can harness and play horse with. His name is Bug. I have one brother fifteen, and a little sister two and one half years old; her name is Mildred, and she is trying to write a letter too.
Carl W. Gray.

THE FREEMAN'S THANKSGIVING.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried a child's voice as a little girl of about nine years of age burst into the room where her mother sat sewing. "What do you think? The hen robbers have been at their tricks again!"

"Yes," said a little boy of five, who followed the girl. "Deys been 'tealing Gampa Cummings' biddies; I hope dey won't take our Tanksgibin'," and the little fellow began to cry.

"What is this that you are telling me, children?" asked a lady who sat by the window sewing and whom the children addressed as "mamma." "Calm yourself, Estelle and tell me what the trouble is."

"Well," said the little girl, "we went over to Grampa Cummings' from school to get the apple he always gives us and—"

"Yes," put in little Frankie in an excited tone, "And Mary said dat do man had on a wed hangchif and Gampa said he wa'n't tolor bind and dat it was bu."

"Stop, Frankie," said his mother in a quiet voice of authority, let your sister tell it."

"Well," continued Estelle, "the house was all upside down,"

"Oh! you told a tory, do house van't all upside down," asserted Frankie.

"Well, I mean that Grampa Cummings was very much excited and Mary was scolding," corrected Estelle, because the hen robbers had been there last night and taken eight of Mr. Cummings' best hens that he had been fattening for the market—and oh, mamma I hope they won't take Tanksgiving."

"Yes, I hope they won't," responded her mother with a weary sigh, "It seems to be all we have for Tanksgiving this year."

"Except Nero, mamma," corrected the children. She smiled a wan smile but said, "Except Nero."

Poor woman! Her words were true enough. A year ago she had been happy in her little home with her children around her, and a loving husband. Her husband had been foreman in a mill in Connecticut, but one day the superintendent dismissed him without any warning. The surprised man asked if he had not always performed his work well. "Yes," admitted the superintendent, "too well." And such was the truth. He had disliked Freeman for some time because he could never find any fault with his work and he had oftentimes refused to take a drink with him, and so the superintendent had set him down in his mind as a "goody goody fellow" and resolved to be rid of him as soon as possible. This was in the latter part of November the year before.

Through a friend of his, Mr. Freeman conceived the idea of going into the lumbering business. They moved to a small farm in the western part of Maine and he commenced his business; but the exposure to the cold was too much for him. He was not used to it and took a sudden cold which terminated in pneumonia. He died leaving his wife with two children, very little money, and no friends to help her for she was an orphan when her husband married her and his people had cast him off at the time of his marriage, because the match was against their wishes. After his death his wife took what little money was left and moved to the city of A., and there tried to support herself and her children by needle-work and giving music lessons, for she was quite a musician, and had her piano left; but it was a hard struggle and she earned barely enough to live on.

While living on the farm, the children had two pet turkeys which they thought a great deal of. When they moved from the farm they begged to bring their pets with them, and as they were to have a small piece of land with the house, their mother consented. One of the turkeys had died, and so now she had said to them, "I am afraid you won't have a very good Tanksgiving dinner this year. We can have no turkey." This set Estelle to thinking, and by and by she told her brother that she thought they ought to make up their minds to have a little Tanksgiving.

At first their mother would not consent to the arrangement but when she saw how disappointed they were when they had planned it all for her benefit she consented. Gradually the turkey had begun to be called Tanksgiving and now they never thought of calling it anything else.

lies were around the neighborhood of the Freeman house. and were becoming bolder and bolder, until the Freeman children began to fear that after all, they might not get their Tanksgiving dinner.

With the Cummings' robbery their fears greatly increased. They did not want to go to bed at all, but their mother knew it would not do and so they cheerfully obeyed her.

After they had gone, she sewed awhile longer, and then wearily took up a lamp and went to her own room which opened out of the children's. She did not immediately go to bed but blew out the light and sat down in a rocking chair near the window and fell to musing on her lonely condition. There she was among strangers—no friends—no relatives, or at least as bad as no relatives and her husband's people she had never seen.

She had not been sitting there long before she heard footsteps under her window going—yes, going towards the little house in which Tanksgiving was kept.

At that moment she heard Nero's bark and then a pistol shot and she could see that Nero fell forward—dead.

The children were awakened by the shot and now were coming towards her. She had been trembling before but now her courage returned. "Children," she said, "you must make up your mind to lose Tanksgiving. They have come for it." Yes, surely they had come for it! They were now trying to still its cries! Another minute and they were gone!

Estelle awoke before her brother the next morning. The events of the previous night came back as in a dream. She went down where her mother was getting breakfast.

"Did I dream it or is it true that the hen robbers took Tanksgiving last night?"

"It is true," replied her mother. "And did they shoot Nero?"

"Yes, Estelle but we must try and not be disappointed. and must—"

At this the little girl burst into a fit of weeping. Her mother left her work and tried to cheer her, but all in vain, for she would not be comforted.

Mrs. Freeman had to go away before the little boy was up, to give a lesson, and left Estelle to comfort him saying she would be back in a short time. The little boy was much disappointed and cried bitterly about his "Tanksgibin'" but his sister tried to cheer him and in that way cheered herself somewhat.

While they were talking, a stranger knocked at the door and asked for a drink of water. Estelle went to get it for him and while she was gone the stranger asked Frankie why she had been crying, saying that he had seen traces of tears on her cheeks. "She's been tryin' about Tanksgibin'" answered the little fellow, showing signs of crying himself. He then, in his baby talk, began to tell the story of the night before. Estelle appeared before he had got very far and finished it for him. The stranger listened intently and then took his leave. The children did not say anything about this to their mother for they had the impression that she would not like them to talk to a stranger. The next day was Tanksgiving.

Tanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear and the sun shone right in through the children's bedroom windows as if trying to cheer the little people. Their hearts were not very light as they went down stairs that morning. Their mother tried to be bright and cheery and said, "Come, children, we have enough to be thankful for that we have health and are all together in this snug little home. But they could not be very thankful when their turkey was gone.

After breakfast Mrs. Freeman sent the children out to play. She had hardly fulfilled her morning duties when there came a knock at the door. She went to the door and a boy stood there with a basket on his arm. "For Miss Estelle and Master Frank Freeman," he said. To say Mrs. Freeman was surprised would not describe her astonishment.

"I think you have made a mistake," she said.

"No," replied the boy, "the gentleman himself, pointed out the house, and he sat down in the basket and left, giving Mrs. Freeman no time for further questions. She put the basket on the table and commenced opening it. On the top was a note addressed to "Miss Estelle and Master Frank Freeman." Mrs. Freeman went to the door and called the children and asked them if they could explain it. Both replied that they knew nothing about it and Estelle then said, "Read the note, mamma; perhaps that will tell us about it." Mrs. Freeman took up the note and read as follows:

My little friends,
You did not know when you gave the stranger a drink yesterday that you were serving one who helped to steal your Tanksgiving and kill your dog. But it was so. The young man who stole your "Tanksgibin'" now returns it to you in good condition. We want you to try and forgive us and pardon us for the wrong we did you. You did not know that your story would help one person to be a better man. I made a resolve while listening to your story that I would not do such cruel things again, and I mean to live up to my resolve.
Yours truly,
E. H.

Underneath was the turkey already for cooking, with vegetables to go with it.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene that followed. Every one can imagine it.

The now happy family sat down to their dinner at noon thinking that they had indeed something to be thankful for, but "it never rains but it pours," for as they were seating themselves at the table there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Freeman opened the door. A tall, gray-haired gentleman stood there.

"Does Mrs. Freeman live here?" he asked.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Freeman. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, thank you, I will, but I see you do not recognize me. Do you see no resemblance to Gerald in me?"

Mrs. Freeman looked at him. Recognize him! Of course! There was little need to ask his name now.

"Father," she murmured. "Daughter," said he.

"Why didn't you write me of Gerald's death?" he asked after a while, "I never heard of it till a week ago and as soon as I heard of it I came to you. We forgave him long ago but we hated to say so, and now I have come to take you home."

"Write?" asked Mrs. Freeman, "why I did write. Is it possible you did not get the letter?"

"No," said he, "I did not." Just at that moment Frank appeared saying, "Won't ou hab some of my Tanksgibin? Him am weal dood."

Upon that all adjourned to the dining room and Mr. Freeman said afterward that "Tanksgibin'" was the best turkey he ever helped eat.

Mabel P. Foster.

Everett, Mass.

What Nutmeg Trees Are Like.

Nutmegs grow on little trees, which look like small pear trees, and which are not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily-of-the-valley. They are very pale and fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside.

The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit on them all the season. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed all the trees. To keep the price up they burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was said to be as big as a church.

Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian Islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried the seeds, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Gothie.

"Whoever you are, be noble; Whatever you do, do well; Whenever you speak, speak kindly; Give joy wherever you dwell."

"Keep a watch on your words, my darling. For words are wonderful things; They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—Like the bees they have terrible stings. They can bless like the glad warm sunshine And brighten a lonely life; They can cut, in the strife of anger, Like a cruel two edged knife."

HUMOROUS.

An article containing a dozen hints on how to take care of a horse is going the rounds of the press, but there is not one hint as how to get the horse.

A family of Swedes in Chicago tried to use a railroad torpedo for fuel. Some people have criticised their judgment in so doing, but there is no denying that the torpedo burned freely and made a hot fire.

"In North America the real estate agents do just as the earthquakes do in South America," observed the traveler. "How is that?" asked the citizen. "They open up streets and lay out towns," was the answer.

When the burglar entered the bedroom, in his search for valuables, the husband said to the wife, in a tone loud enough for the burglar to hear, "Jane, hand me my revolver." Jane replied, "Here it is, but I don't believe it's loaded." The burglar didn't wait to hear any more. He knew the danger of unloaded firearms.

A tramp rang the bell of an up-town flat, and the Irish servant responded through the speaking tube: "Who is it, and phwat d'yees want?" "Will yer please give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp pathetically. "Put your mouth to the trumpet," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour ye down a drink." The tramp did not reply, but departed in disgust.

"Papa," said a little boy at breakfast, "yesterday, at school, the teacher read something from a book called 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table.' What does that mean?" "You are rather too young yet, my son," replied the old man, as he helped himself to the top buckwheat cake and smothered it with cream intended for his wife's coffee, "to understand such matters."

IMPORTANT!

MILLINERY.

Style counts for everything in Millinery and we combine the style with moderate prices.

You will find our prices right. We do nothing but strictly first-class work, for which you would pay more then we ask if you were to send to th—

If anything does not suit you, do not come at us with

right, where our judgment may at times be at fault.

Ask to see our

"Ideal Hat Fastener."

A wonderful invention for holding the hat with perfect ease and security.

BOAS.

Has it occurred to you what a nice present a Feather Boa would make? Examine my stock of Ostrich and Feather Boas, at

75c To \$9.00 EACH.

CORSETS.

There's one feature connected with our Corset department that you may have overlooked and that is, we keep only the BEST lines. So many to choose from now-a-days

it's hard to discriminate, but if you select

...Royal Worcester Corsets...

there is no chance for mistake or disappointment. Moreover, THE MAKER'S GUARANTEE IS BEHIND EVERY PAIR.

Ask to See Them.



Royal ..
Worcester
Corsets

A DRESSMAKER



Royal Worcester Corsets

You find them with leading dealers EVERYWHERE.

If you want a Perfect Figure, Comfort of Body, and Peace of Mind,



Royal Worcester Corsets.

E. E. BURNHAM,

Cole Block,

BETHEL.

WORMS

In Children or Adults. The safest and most effective remedy made in the world.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR
In use 10 years. See Mr. Wright's letter to Dr. J. S. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

NEW GOODS!

AT
W. C. MORTON'S
HOUSE FURNISHING STORES

West Paris, and Bryant's Pond.

A large line of—
Furniture, Carpets,
Crockery, Glassware,
Silverware, Wall Papers,
Curtains, Baby Carriages,
Hammocks, Croquet Sets,
Holiday Goods and Notions.

Call and see us or send for prices.
Goods delivered free in BETHEL.



MY STOCK
is now

COMPLETE

Ladies', Misses' & Children's
Outer-Garments for fall and
winter wear. Also Under Flannels
and Ladies' Furnishings,
Dry and Fancy Goods, Mack-
intoshes, Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers for all.

MY STOCK OF
Men's, Youths' and Children's
CLOTHING

Overcoats, Shirts, Boots, Rubbers, Hats
Mackintoshes, and Gents' Furnishings,
is one of the best in the County.

Flour and Groceries at as low a price
as can be found, and of the best quality.

CEYLON
ROWE,
BETHEL, ME.

have over-
now-a-days

SCHOOL BOOKS,

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,

Including Tablets, Note Books, Pencils, Ink, Etc.

WILEY'S
AT
DRUG STORE

Flour, Grain, Groceries,
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,
and Horse Blankets of

Heavy : Fleece : Lined
Underwear
AT 47¹/₂ cents.

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"I DID NOT STOP TO THINK."

It only was one careless word,
And spoken with no ill intent.
The moment that its sound I heard
I had occasion to lament.

"Twas something I could not recall.
It set my features all aflare,
It turned a kindly heart to gall,
And made mine stop from simple shame.

It changed a current of a life,
It turned me back from fortune's brink—
That little word with potent rife—
Because "I did not stop to think."

I thought of judgment he had laid,
And spoke "I was" "speaking out of
school."
Before the word I could take back
He said, "You think you are a fool."

"Think twice before you speak." Ah, true
That little word with potent rife—
That one or stop a vain regret.
—Walter Cooper in New York Ledger.

A little child of J. R. Hayes, living
near Colquitt, Ga., overturned
a pot of boiling water, scalding
itself so severely that the skin came
off its breast and limbs. The dis-
tressed parents sent to Mr. Bush,
a merchant of Colquitt, for a remedy,
and he promptly forwarded
Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The
child was suffering intensely, but
was relieved by a single applica-
tion of the Pain Balm. Another
application or two made it sound
and well. For sale by G. R. Wiley,
Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant's
Pond.

The luckiest youngster lately
announced is Master Leon Howard
Farrah who on his arrival at East
Dixmont two weeks ago, found
three great-grandfathers within
half a mile of his home, waiting
to welcome him to earth and to
decide, of course, that he's the
most remarkable child this age
has yet produced.

DR. SCOTT,
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
PHYSICIAN.

has been prevailed upon to have his great
remedy placed in the hands of the local
doctors and leading druggists. Arrangements
have been completed by which
New England people will be immediately
supplied. The management, in making
preparations for furnishing doctors and
druggists with this wonderful medicine,
makes it no longer necessary for sick
people to leave home and go to New York
for treatment, but the full advantage of
eminent medical skill is furnished to all
through the local doctors and druggists.

An agent has been called into town
and has arranged with
G. R. WILEY, BETHEL, ME.,
J. W. BENNETT, GILEAD, ME.

IT EFFECTUALLY CONTROLS
AND QUICKLY CURES

Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Sick
Headache, Nervousness and Exhaustion,
Nervous Vitality, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia,
Constipation, Scrofula, Pain in the
Bones, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, General
Debility, Dizziness, Female Weakness,
Malarial Poison. You can try

Dr. Scott's Medicine
with the full assurance of a permanent
cure in the majority of cases. If you
have had Laidup, and if it has left
you in a run down or weakened con-
dition or with rheumatism, use this medi-
cine. It goes direct to the seat of most
physical troubles.

Two or three doses of the first bottle
will convince you of its superior merit
over patent medicines. Come at once if you want
the extra bottle.

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PICKED UP ABOUT THE COUNTY.

Work began last week on the
new mill at Norway Lake.

Phillip Andrews of Dixfield,
has carded over a ton of wool this
season.

From four to five inches of snow
fell at Rumford Falls, last week.

About twenty cottages have
been built at Tripp pond, which
promises to become a popular re-
sort next summer.

The Rumford Falls Paper Co. is
to run a camp crew of about 25
men at South Andover, says the
Times.

William M. Brooks of Norway
is teaching his 120th term of
school at Mapleton, Aroostook
county.

Last week the county commis-
sioners located the new road from
Richard Morton's in Andover Sur-
plus through Dunn's Notch to
Grafton.

The new addition to the tooth-
pick mill at Dixfield is nearly
completed, which will give about
double the room. This mill uses
about 50 cords of wood per year.

The Grand Trunk railroad is
cutting expenses at Bryant's
Pond. The work usually done by
five persons at the railway station
there is now confined to one per-
son—the station agent.

O. A. Hannaford of West Paris
has bought the old chair factory at
Bryant's Pond and will imme-
diately put it into running order
to manufacture wood rims for
bicycles and other articles.

The Paris Manufacturing Co. at
South Paris has more orders than
it can fill and is rushed with busi-
ness. The factory is being run
night and day. The night force is
not so large, however, as the day
crew.

The new club house on the west
side of the pond at East Denmark
is finished. The building is
nearly 60 feet in length with a 12
foot piazza. It has two chimneys
with four fireplaces and seven
rooms.

Henry Shaw and family of East
Hebron, attempting to go to the
wedding reception of Damon Perry
one night last week got into a
drift and had to be shoveled out.
This discouraged them and they
returned home.

There is complaint that large
salmon have escaped from Stone
pond at Stoneham and lake Pen-
nessevassee in Norway. The fish,
which are very hard to confine
during their spawning season,
passed the dams in various ways
and went down the streams.
Some of them are estimated to
have weighed almost ten pounds.

The Sanborn Shoe Company
was organized in Norway on last
Friday evening, with this board
of officers:

President, Fred W. Sanborn.
Vice President, Frank H. Noyes.
Clerk, Seward S. Stearns.
Treasurer, Howard D. Smith.
Directors, Fred W. Sanborn, C.
N. Tubbs, Clarence M. Smith.

Building operations are good at
Rumford Falls just now. E. P.
Howard is building a house on
the corner of Knox & Main Ave-
nue. W. N. Lander has started a
foundation for a double tenement
house on Penobscot street. W. I.
White will soon build a house
on an adjoining lot. C. H. Mc-
Kenzie & Co. are now rushing
work on their new block. The
iron was delayed just a month.

The wife of Rev. G. T. Ridlon,
of Kezar Falls, was seriously in-
jured by being thrown from a
carriage upon the frozen ground.
Her face and head were dreadfully
bruised, cut and mangled, and
hip and limbs bruised, and the
tendon torn from one knee. It is
feared she is internally injured.

It is said that two crystals of
tourmaline, found at Mt. Mica
this season are worth nearly, if
not quite, \$1000 each to cut into
gems. Most of the crystals taken
are emerald green at the termina-
tion, shading to a bright pink.
One of the finest crystals is all of
one shade—emerald green—
throughout and perfectly clear.

An industry new to this country
has reached an experimental
stage at Rumford Falls. It is in
the manufacture of sodium, which
is used in making several com-
mon chemicals and has previously
been imported from Europe. A
small plant operated by electric
power will be built on Bridge
street to demonstrate that this
chemical can be manufactured in
this country as good in quality
and as low in price as in Europe,
but no effort is proposed to supply
the market this winter.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kid-
neys and bowels. Never sicken,
weaken or gripe. 10c.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

Killed by a Falling Tree.
Dixter, N. H., Nov. 18.—Word
was received here to-day that
Alva Kelley of North Wood, while
chopping in the woods yesterday
was instantly killed by a tree fall-
ing on him and crushing his head.
He was 25 years of age. He leaves
a widow and one child.

Cubans Refuse Spain's Offer.
Madrid, Nov. 18.—The Havana
correspondent of the Herald of this
city has cabled to his paper that in
spite of the concessions made to
the Cuban autonomists add in
spite of the appointments of au-
tonomist protectors in the different
provinces of Cuba, there does not
exist a single sign of the approach-
ing submission of the insurgents.

Shooting Affray.
Farmington, Me., Nov. 18.—A
shooting affray occurred shortly
after twelve o'clock to-day at Eu-
stis. Charles Perry, it is alleged,
fired three shots at Louis King,
a resident of Eustis, wounding him
in the arm, face and shoulder.
The trouble arose over the al-
leged intimacy of Perry with
King's wife. King will recover.

Fatal Gunning Accident.
While gunning Friday with
David Sawyer of Rockland, Joseph
Tear, aged about 25 years, was
instantly killed. It is supposed
that Tear drew the gun, which
was on the ground, toward him-
self by the barrel and the trigger
caught on some obstruction. Tear
was shot through the heart
and died instantly. He came to
Rockland about six months ago
from Brooklyn, N. Y. Coroner
Juddkins will hold an inquest Sat-
urday.

Maine Pedagogical Society to Meet
in Augusta.
It has been decided to hold the
next meeting of the Maine Ped-
agogical Society in this city, for the
first time in over 10 years. The
meeting will be held at the State
House, the last three days in De-
cember. A large meeting is an-
ticipated and the local teachers
will make special efforts to make
the stay of the visiting teachers a
pleasant as well as profitable one.

Found a Good Route for a Railroad
into Yukon.
San Francisco, Nov. 21.—The de-
tails have been received from the
Pierre Humbert Alaskan explor-
ing expedition which sailed from
Seattle, October 15. The party is
located 10 miles up the river from
Chilkat inlet. The course is being
surveyed on both sides of the
river and the explorers have al-
ready located a pass over the
range, 2,500 feet lower than either
Chilkat or Chilkoot. A perfect feasi-
ble and easy route for the railroad
into the valley of the Yukon has
been discovered.

Barley Experiment a Success.*
Boston, November 16.—A spe-
cial from Augusta, says: State
Land Agent Charles E. Oak of
Caribou, who was chiefly instru-
mental in having the Aroostook
farmers try the experiment of
raising barley from which malt is
made, is much pleased with the
results this year. He said to-day
that last spring a carload of seed
was sown by the farmers who
wished to try the experiment, and
that about 10,000 bushels of excel-
lent quality had been raised. Of
this quantity three carloads have
already been sold at a rate of 45
cents a bushel. The average yield
from an acre will probably be
about 40 or 50 bushels, which will
give the farmer a fair return for
time and labor and investment,
and the crop will have the added
advantage of being one which can
be at once converted into money.

Fire Still Unconquered.
Aspen, Col., Nov. 19.—The fire in
the Smuggler mine remains un-
conquered and it will require weeks
and possibly months before it can
be subdued. A new method of
attack has been decided upon.
A drifts being run in the foot
wall on the seventeenth level
about 100 feet east of the burning
slope, and when it is completed
port holes will be cut through the
wall and steam and water played
on the fire, which is supposed to
be about 80 feet below this level.

Powder Filled His Face.
Sanford, Nov. 20.—Harry How-
ard, a young man employed as
blacksmith at Sanford mills, was
seriously injured to-day, while as-
sisting in the construction work at
Old Falls. He was making prepa-
ration to explode a seam blast
in which ten pounds of powder
were used. The fuse was rather
short, and the blast was exploded
while he was stooping over it.
His face was filled with powder
and dirt and the flesh burned
and blackened. There were also
numerous deep wounds on his face
and head, caused by the flying
stones.

He was rendered unconscious by
the shock, but recovered sufficient-
ly to withstand the journey home,
after a physician had dressed his
wounds. Fortunately he closed
his eyes when the flash occurred,
and his sight was thereby saved.
Mr. Howard is about twenty-
eight years of age and has a
family.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kid-
neys and bowels. Never sicken,
weaken or gripe. 10c.

STATE TALK.

Over 40 deer have been killed
in the Magalloway and vicinity
this season.

The new bell for the village
school in Wilton has been put in
position in the belfry.

At North Anson, last Saturday
morning at 7 o'clock, the thermom-
eter registered just zero.

The Bodwell Granite Company
of Jonesboro, has shipped 56 car-
goes of red granite this season.

The Fernald, Keene & True Co.
of West Poland, reported an excel-
lent pack of corn this year—
650,000 cans.

Over 200 new books have been
added to the Lubec school library
this fall, through the efforts of the
pupils.

The potato crop was a disappoint-
ment, apples are scarce, but from
some quarters of the State the tur-
key flocks are reported bigger than
ever.

The Kennebec Journal tells us of
a highway in Maine, with whom
there is but one fault found and
that is, that those who travel the
streets cannot find a stone to kill
a snake or trig a wheel. May his
good works live after him.

